



the long weekend 2019
creative writing track

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A love and a half
That makes me laugh
and fills my heart with wonder
The look in your eye
When I tell you lies
This time you come with thunder
I slip right back beneath the cracks
I fear I may be in danger
Rage and red go through your head
No love this time just anger
A fire that burns
The story has turned
Now I am facing my death
My story untold my body gets cold
As I take one last breath
Awake and Arise
A new way of life
Is this what hell must be?
A love and a half once
made me laugh
But that was the end of me

i LOVE A HALF AND ANGER

KEZIA GRAHAM

WHO'S NEXT?

JAY PURGISON

Yesterday was one of my worst days.

People turned their backs on me. Friends were no different from my rivals.

They all came together to kill my happiness, my joy, my gleeful spirit. They did everything in their power to take me down.

Bonds were broken, one by one. My strength was weakened.

I felt as if the whole world was turning against me.

I got on my knees. I asked God why was this placed upon me.

What sin am I paying for? Who Have I harmed?

I asked the lord to forgive me for my wrong doings.

I tried to change. I tried to have a closer relationship with God himself.

I fasted for 60 days. I burned all of my past memories.

I gave all my battles to God. I'd watch all of my enemies fall.

I knew that no weapon formed against me will prosper.

Every tongue that rises up against me shall fall.

Even though my life was being switched over, times got harder.

I was hit with criticism from every corner.

At this point, I threw in the towel. I lost all hope.

But Today, that's when the magic happened.

My feelings of neglection and downcast vanished.

I realized that I couldn't inspire nobody else if I kept this discouragement.

I kept my ambition because i knew it was a commitment I made unto myself and God also.

I knew that if I kept faith, he'll make me capable of many things.

People knew that too. That's why they all came at me at once.

They thought I would crumble, But instead I'm standing tall.

They came together to watch me fall. Instead they have to watch me rise

So who's next?

I love the coat and half, sorry,
I looked back. Because of
such dimensions I've seen
such illusion of seeing such
way of a story. David looked
both ways before stepping
off the curb, when he went
across the street there was
a note that says "I've been
thinking too much, help me."
He was curious of who wrote
the note. There was standing
a person that looked like
him. Could it be him in the
future that need help with his
present self?

He was flabbergasted that
something so authentic
would come to the past
for there has been his twin
brother he doesn't know
about in his lifetime for years
he thought he was the only
child.

UNTITLED

ASHYA HAWKINS

Fine, you can come with me. But if you jeopardize this in any way, I'm never talking to you again."

Liam rolled his eyes at Damon. "I'm not gonna 'jeopardize' this. But yeah, sure. On my non-existent Boy Scout honor."

Damon sighed and shook his head. He gestured for Liam to follow him and they headed down the street. Eventually, he directed them into an alley. It was your typical alley: lined by brick walls and empty except for a few dumpsters. They moved over to the backside of a dumpster and crouched down, waiting. Liam glanced around.

"Y'know, this is like the most cliche thing I've ever done. This is like, some Hollywood stuff."

"If you don't shut up, this'll turn even more Hollywood, where someone who isn't supposed to get shot gets shot."

Liam stopped talking, and they continued waiting. Eventually, there were footsteps. Damon leaned forward slightly to see around the side of the dumpster. A man was standing there, leaning up against the wall. He glanced around, and otherwise did nothing, but you could tell he was waiting on someone. Damon held out his hand, and Liam handed him the gun. It was already loaded to take away the danger of possibly alerting the man of their presence. Another man was supposed to show up and meet with the one already there. Damon and Liam had been told that there was going to be a bomb exchange between the two of them, and they had been sent to stop it. Which, obviously, meant killing the two of them. What else is supposed to happen in the mafia?

Eventually, more footsteps were heard and another man walked up. Damon turned to Liam.

"Ok, we're supposed to shoot both of them, and we only have three bullets, so I'm going to be the one who does the shooting. First, because I have much better aim, and second,

because you haven't even been taught how to shoot a gun. So don't argue," he added, when Liam opened his mouth to complain.

Damon held up the gun and aimed, making sure he couldn't be seen. The two men talked quietly between themselves, when suddenly, there was a gunshot, and the first man fell to the ground. The second man yelled, moving away from where he was just standing and pulling his own gun out of his jacket pocket. He frantically looked around trying to figure out where the gunshot had come from, moving further away from where Damon could shoot him. Damon cursed under his breath, trying to move to another angle to get the man without letting himself get shot instead.

"Was this supposed to happen?" Liam asked, not realizing that he didn't say it in a whisper. The man glanced in their direction and started walking to their hiding spot, holding the gun out, and Damon cursed again, jumping up and shooting at the man. The bullet hit his abdomen, and he fell to the ground with a cry. Damon ran over to him, digging in the man's jacket pocket for the bomb. The man, not dead yet, held the gun up and tried to pull the trigger. He was struggling so much with Damon that he wasn't able to, and Liam ran up behind him and pinned his arms down, allowing Damon to grab the tiny bomb. He stood up, and fired the last bullet. The man stopped struggling in Liam's grip and slumped to the ground. Liam released his arms and stood up, grinning.

"Alright, we did it!"

Damon glared at him, putting the other man's gun in his own jacket's pocket and tossing Liam the empty one before heading out of the alley. Liam frowned, putting the gun back in its owner's hand and running after Damon.

"Hey, wait up! Wait, what's wrong?" He asked, falling into step next to Damon.

"Do you have any idea how stupid that was?" Damon asked, turning to look at him. "You could have gotten both of us

killed!" Liam frowned.
"But you still got him."

"But what if I hadn't, hm? He saw what we looked like. He could have gone back to his boss, told him how we tried to sabotage his 'mission', and then we'd have hitmen after us!" He turned away and walked faster, Liam once again having to run to catch up with him.

"Alright, I guess I did. Sorry."

Damon didn't answer him, and they continued walking. They neared a construction sight, and Damon tossed the bomb over the fence. Liam's eyes widened.

"Are you crazy? What if that kills someone?"

"Do you see anyone over there? And besides, if it messes up what little has already been built, then they can say that they probably didn't build it good enough. I'm giving them a chance to start over. Y'know, for whenever they decide that they actually need to do their job." Liam didn't look convinced, but he had learned that when it came to Damon, he just didn't need to question anything.

Eventually, they walked past the building where Liam lived, and Damon spoke up again. "We're still going to have to tell Boss about this."

"What? Why? What he doesn't know won't kill him."

"Yeah, but it could kill us. Boss likes to be told exactly what happens when we go out and do things. And the two guys' bosses are probably wondering where they are, which could cause some trouble."

Liam frowned. "So, we've definitely got to tell him about this. No negotiating." "Yep. And Boss is not going to like this."

They fell back into silence. Damon was busy figuring out how he was going to explain everything, and Liam just looked around, kicking a rock. Eventually, he kicked the rock away from their path and he scowled, before remembering something.

"Does this mean I'm not going with you to do stuff like this anymore?"

"Liam, I swear to god."

Her mind different places,
She's breaking apart,
She wants to see light,
But she's left in the dark,
She's infinite in size,
And also in mind,
She doesn't even know,
That she's alive
She hears the symphony,
She's blown away,
She goes somewhere else,
Then starts to decay,
All at once,
She feels the beat,
The accelerando
Of her feet
Her eyes are open,
And then they close,
She suddenly remembers
The life she chose,
She wants to move on,
But she won't let go,
There are so many things
She will never know.

THE END

KIRSTYN GREY

UNTITLED

KIARA POSEY

"**Y**ou did what?" My chilling voice snapped into the phone.
"Listen, I said I was sorry Boss. I'll get him back. I promise." The young man's voice stuttered. I could smell his fear through the phone.

"No no. Don't worry about it. I'll take care of it since you are clearly too incompetent to do a simple task." I chuckled while striding over to the cabinet in the corner of the room.

"Am I in trouble Boss?" Ivan's timid voice asked over the phone.

I held the phone between my shoulder as I took out the bottle of scotch from the cabinet and poured myself a glass. "Of course you are in trouble, Ivan. You screwed up. Royally." I downed the drink in one swig.

"I'm sorry Boss."

Instead of replying to him, I hung up the phone and tossed it onto my big oakwood desk that took up a large amount of my office. I sighed while opening the right hand drawer of the desk. Inside was my black leather gloves and glock I always carried with me. I grabbed both of the items and quickly downed another shot of scotch before leaving the office. Immediately, two of my most trusted men flanked my sides and we all walked down the grand staircase into the foyer of the estate.

"How did this happen?" I questioned, while walking out of the large double doors.

Viktor replied immediately. "Gustavo stepped away for a few minutes and left him alone with Ivan. Our captive must've realized Ivan was still in training and he took advantage of that information."

My eyes narrowed as I stepped into the armored black BMW. "Gustavo did what?" My nostrils flared at this information. It was irritating, but understandable that Ivan lost our newest captive, considering this was his first time being in the field. Gustavo, on the other hand has been with me for the past 5 years. He should have known better by now. Especially with something as important as this.

"So you're telling me that Gustavo stepped away from the

only person we've managed to capture from the Italian mafia and allowed him to escape."

"That's exactly what I'm saying, Boss." Viktor met my gaze in the rearview mirror as he steered the car away from the estate.

"Anything else I should know?" I said calmly. Not expressing the rage that blinded me.

This time Lyov spoke up. "Gustavo accidentally told him about our plans to take over the Italian mafia." He said warily, assessing my eerily calm demeanor.

The rage that was slowly bubbling to the surface hit me with full force and it consumed me whole. I no longer tired to control the rage that filled me on a daily basis. I've learned to embrace the fury and let it control my actions.

Instead of responding, I closed my eyes and pinched the bridge of my nose.

It was very obvious what this situation meant. Once the Italian captive gets back to his Boss he will tell him exactly who kidnapped him. As the leader of the Russian mafia, I have been very careful not to anger the Italians, considering they are the only group as powerful as my organization. Once they learn about this it will mean our years of peace would be over. The huge fountain outside the estate would soon overflow with red and the beautiful garden in the back would become a burial ground. Blood would be spilt and lives would be lost. My beautiful estate would soon be a warzone.

GALATEA

CAYLIN KYZER

she is made of planets,
of galaxies,
of universes.
she is infinite.

you look at her one way,
focus on one aspect of her,
one singular detail,
and a new world is opened.

she is a tunnel,
seemingly unending,
there is no light in sight.
(or maybe she is the light).

you wish,
you want,
you need to understand her,
to see all her layers.
but it is impossible.

her first layer can be clearly seen,
her face fully in focus
she wears her emotions in her
eyes
and their downward-turned
position reveals it all,
she is sad.
or shy.
or confused.
or...anything.

the deeper you search the more
you learn
but the less you understand.
she is all of her parts together,
all her planets and feelings and
layers.
but she is also all of her parts
alone.
she is a universe that has not yet
been explored
she is a galaxy far away.
she is a multitude,
unknowable,
impossible,
and simply,
her.

Tired, and oh so sapped of strength,
I dug my toes into the carpeted floor,
And allowed the weight in my chest,
To sink through my soles.

Anxious, and waiting for the wait to end,
I ran my fingers along the weathered door,
And allowed the muscles in my skin,
To tighten in calculation,
Of the time until the dew would settle,
Of the distance to the land of dreams,
Travelling through space and time.

Empty, and revelling in the silence,
I dug my heels into my meaty thighs,
And allowed shadows lining the halls,
To trickle through my heels, through my ribs,
And through my heart.

But even as the time ticked by,
The shadows lengthened and passed,
The moonlight trickled away,
And urban life came alive,
The wait didn't end.

Welcome to a new day,
And a new wait –
For sleep is far away.

A NEW WAIT
ASHLEY LIN

WHITE RAVEN

ISABELLA SOLERA

Angry and in love with her, and very unlucky, I came out. It was at this moment where my romantic interests drastically changed when I saw her beautiful face as white as snow and hair as black as night. It came to me that I not only had a thing for boys, but I suddenly had a thing for girls, too! Despite this new interest, I wanted to keep it a secret from my family or Lord knows what they would all do to me. Hell, if I was the fairest of them all, I would risk it for the woman who pulled my heartstrings. So, what if she has such a white, glowing face and a perfect body full of curves and edges that makes my heart go, "pitter-patter"? I have to snatch her and keep her as my own, even if everyone around me sees it as sinful, I never gave a single damn about it!

When days came to pass, the school had a romantic dance, where I saw her, my white raven,

standing in the center of the room as if she were the queen of a kingdom. With the giant stampede of students all around her, I tried to get to her so I could take her hand for a dance around the floor. But, it was too late. A blond man of higher standards got to her before I could, leaving my shattered heart and my crystal tears falling down my face. It was at this moment, where I knew that something should be done. I saw the blond man kiss my white raven and walk away, which at the exact time, I stabbed the blond man in the back of his neck. He was about to yell out the screams of pain, but I quickly shut him up so that he could die peacefully. With his thick red blood and an evil smirk, I soon felt like a new person with a different alias known as, Diablo. With this new identity, it didn't matter how much trouble I have caused with the recent murders. The only thing that matters is that my white raven is still alive and loves me and me alone.

Roses are red

Violets are blue

I'm in my mom's bedroom with a plow or two

I have ten containers filled with love its true but tell me why does she have Valentine's decorations when it's in the middle of June

I get that her room is bright and pink but sometimes I wonder how can she see maybe she can but obviously not me

Bye bye mom's bedroom i forgot she gets off at 3

MOM'S BEDROOM

RASHUNDOLYN GUYTON